

## The Tommy Incident by prettyboiiharringrove

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**Summary:**

anonymous — What about alpha Steve being crazy overprotective of Billy. But for good reason! Like maybe one time Tommy tried some shit with Billy while he was very obviously pregnant and now Billy kinda gets nervous around people outside of their circle. Steve telling him it's fine cause he's not gonna let anyone start any shit with him again or they'll end up worse than whatever he did to Tommy. Maybe? Idk, I'd just love some protective Steve

## **The Tommy Incident**

Billy's sixteen and he's six months pregnant. He doesn't exactly know why he ended up at Tommy's house in a beanbag chair he knows he won't be able to get out of, just knows that he wanted to get out of the house.

He realizes that Tommy is the only friend he really has to himself. He is getting used to having people that care about him, but everyone really only loves him because they were able to see him through Steve's eyes. Even Max and him didn't like each other until he moved out of Neil's house and somehow ended up living with Hopper and his kid.

Tommy's the only friend of his that isn't really connected to Steve. Sure, they used to be friends, but now ?? Now they barely tolerate each other, and it's really only to humor Billy.

Tommy's always said some pretty fucked up stuff about omegas, but he's heard people, Neil specifically, talk shit about omegas his entire life and Tommy's really his only friend, his best friend, so he puts up with it.

At some point he realizes that Tommy is just a little too drunk and thinks that maybe he should have taken Tommy up on his offer when he said he wouldn't drink since Billy couldn't.

Billy can't tell if Tommy wants to fuck him or hurt him, thinks maybe it's a little bit of both, but his heart is pounding in his chest when he realizes he's stuck in his seat, unable to move as Tommy hovers over him, arousal and alcohol burning in his nose; he thinks he might throw up.

He's got one of Billy's arms pinned to the ground and his hand is wrapped around his throat, squeezing. He's smirking, letting out a breathy laugh like they're playing some kind of game; like this isn't a ridiculous act of aggression, like a pregnant omega pinned under an alpha that isn't their mate isn't fucking weird and terrifying.

After a few minutes of just staring down at Billy, holding him in place

and mocking him like he's losing their game instead of being fucking assaulted, Tommy starts to speak.

"Tell the truth though, you don't even know if it's Steve's do you ??" Billy is stunned into silence and Tommy must take that as an answer because he keeps going. "I mean you were constantly talking about hooking up left and right before anyone knew you were an omega. You're such a goddamn slut, makes sense you don't know."

Billy is scared, he doesn't want to be, but he's stuck and he's pregnant, so he's fucking scared. That doesn't stop him from kicking where he can, Tommy's shin, but it's not a good angle so it doesn't hit him too hard.

He spits out "fuck you," but all Tommy does is laugh at him. The hand on his throat squeezes tighter, but only for a moment before Tommy is falling back down beside him, too drunk to keep himself upright for too long. Billy coughs and tries to get up, just barely manages to sit up properly.

"I don't blame you, I would've chosen the rich kid too," Billy has to bite back a growl, keep himself from punching Tommy, because if things do turn physical, or rather more physical, he could end up hurting the baby.

Billy is fuming, but he's also starting to worry. He's already insecure enough but now Tommy has planted the idea that Steve might think these things too in the back of his mind. Billy silently prays that Steve knows better.

"I've gotta piss," Billy lies as he feels like his throat's closing. It's the first time since moving out of Neil's house that Billy hasn't been able to defend himself; it's overwhelming. Tommy quirks a brow and Billy hates that he now has to ask something of Tommy. He doesn't want any help but he can't fucking get up. "Help me up asshole."

Tommy does, and Billy walks the opposite way, leaving and hoping that Tommy doesn't notice or care to follow him.

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Billy forgets Steve talked to Hopper about coming over for dinner and staying the night. He spends as long as he can in the shower trying to scrub the smell of Tommy and panic off himself so no one can notice. He doesn't get out of the shower until Hopper gets home, bangs on the door to tell him everyone's home, even Steve.

He steps out, realizes he's fucking freezing, doesn't know when the water went cold but it's been awhile, his lips have turned blue. Billy looks down at his swollen stomach and apologizes, thinks he's fucked up again, he can't do shit like that since his body doesn't belong to him right now. The kid is helpless, and pissed off if his kicking is anything to go by.

He quickly towel dries his hair, throws on some sleep pants and a shirt; it's not enough. God, why is he this cold ?? It's June, he should feel nice and warm; some days he was sweating bullets because it's too hot. Being this cold isn't right. Thing is though, Billy's been freezing since he snuck out of Tommy's house, feels like there's ice in his veins. He wraps a dry towel around his shoulders to try and warm up a bit. It doesn't fucking help.

When he walks out of the bathroom, he's still shaking. Steve is leaning on the wall waiting for Billy, doesn't realize anything's wrong until he leans over to kiss Billy's cheek and is met with ice.

"Jesus fucking Christ," Steve's voice is breathless as his concern fills the air with tension.

"M'fine," Billy struggles with himself to form words because his teeth are fucking chattering, traitors. Steve rolls his eyes and drags Billy to his room.

Steve is peeling Billy's shirt off in a second. It's soaking wet due to Billy's haste to get dressed after the shower; it's doing the exact opposite of keeping him warm like he wanted. Steve turns to grab a sweater and when he turns back that's when he notices the bruises that have formed on Billy's neck and wrist.

Steve's eyes have a hint of alpha red and his nostrils flare as rage surrounds them; Billy finds that he's not scared of him like he was scared of Tommy, knows he won't hurt him.

Steve remains calm enough to get Billy changed and wrap a blanket around him for good measure, but then his warm hand is holding his neck gently, warming him up and soothing the bruise.

“Who?” it comes out as a growl, like Steve is just barely holding the beast back, his forced humanity choking him. Billy leans into Steve’s touch, pulls on his shirt until their toes are touching, until he can lean forward and tuck himself under Steve’s chin and hide if need be.

He shakes his head, doesn’t want to admit that his friend did this, that he wasn’t careful.

“Billy, tell me,” it’s not a request but a demand; Steve leaves no room for argument. The baby gives a kick as if to prompt him, wants his daddy to tell his papa what that jerk did to them today.

Billy leans forward, buries his face in Steve’s chest so he doesn’t have to look at Steve when he admits it.

“Tommy,” he mumbles against the soft fabric of Steve’s shirt, and it’s oh so quiet, but Steve still hears it and his blood boils. He’s ready to leave the house and kill Tommy right this second, except Billy whimpers and wraps his arms around Steve the second he tries to move away from him. He’s vulnerable, scared, hurting. He’s asking for help in a way Billy never normally would. Tommy has triggered something in him, something terribly wrong that Steve is desperate to chase away.

“Alpha please,” he begs; he’ll hate himself later for how desperate he sounds, but Steve is warm and safe and home. He can’t leave Billy right now, it’ll hurt so much more than what Tommy had done. “Don’t leave us.”

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After dinner Billy plops himself down in Steve’s lap and grunts in frustration. The day has been a roller coaster of emotions but now he’s fixating on Tommy’s words.

*I would’ve chosen the rich kid too.*

Like Billy had been lying to Steve this whole time. If he had been

trying to fucking trick him he wouldn't have slept in his car or be living with Hopper instead of Steve. If he had just chosen the rich kid, he would be milking him dry, taking and taking and taking.

"I'd never fucking cheat on you," he barks out even as he curls up closer to Steve, his fingernails digging into his own skin since he can't punch anything.

"Okay ??" Steve knows this, doesn't understand why he's saying it. Billy may be a dick at times, but he loves Steve, would never betray him, he knows that to be a fact.

"Would never use you like that," he huffs, nuzzling at Steve's jaw, quickly biting it before kissing the smooth skin and resting his head on Steve's shoulder, a silent claim, *mine*.

Steve sighs, but is relieved that some of the tension has left Billy, he's pissed off and hurt and even a little scared, but he's resting and he's in Steve's arms so at least he's okay.

"Where's this coming from ??" he isn't actually sure he wants the answer, but he thinks Billy needs to talk about it.

"He called me a slut, said I was lying to you, that I tricked you. Had to pick someone so it might as well be the rich kid," Billy shrugs, frustration dripping off of every word.

Steve's eyes flare red for a second time that night.

"Yeah, well he's always been a fucking dumbass."

Billy still smells bitter, but he snorts when Steve says that, squirms in his lap so he can press closer against him, and closes his eyes.

"Can I tell you something ??" he asks, taking a deep breath. He seems like he's moments away from sleep.

Steve takes a deep breath himself, concerned that there's more bad news, but ultimately tells him to go ahead.

"You ever buy a fucking beanbag chair, I'm burning it."

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It's been almost four years since the incident with Tommy and Billy still thinks about it sometimes, still blames himself. There's a panic that sits in his chest every time he runs into Tommy's mom. Every time she tries to make small talk and offers a sweet smile it just reminds him of that day, of him walking upstairs smelling like pure terror and her offering him that smile. He can't stay talking with her too long because there's a certain pain that hits every time he realizes that she was just another adult that either didn't notice or care enough to save him.

He's never quite been able to shake away the discomfort that settles in him when someone looks at him the wrong way. Lingering eyes used to just piss him off, but now they unsettle him. He doesn't really have any friends outside of their circle now.

He talks to people now and then, has some cool people he chats with on occasion that he met from his online courses, is friendly to the guys he works with, but he hasn't been able to trust anyone other than his family after Tommy.

It only bothers him some days, like when Steve's friends come over and Billy doesn't have any of his own to invite, or when he overhears Steve arguing with a buddy that he barely knows about how Billy is too clingy, like it's somehow his fault he doesn't feel safe when a bunch of strangers are in his house, near his kids, silently judging him.

He feels like he's surrounded by a bunch of jungle cats and they're just waiting for him to make a wrong move so they can pounce. Someone suggested therapy once, but he's got two kids, college, and work; he doesn't have the time or money for therapy right now.

Instead, he handles things how he always has, ignoring them until they overwhelm him and he crashes; at least now Steve's there to pick him up afterwards.

Thing is, some days Billy doesn't notice the sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach until it's already weighing him down, causing him to sink deeper and deeper into the earth below him.

He's at the store, smells a familiar scent that he can't quite place, and it's too late to leave because his son has found the coloring books he's been asking about for three days.

His son likes to sit by his daddy while he works on his college courses and 'help' with his homework. He of course needs his own 'workbook', but he had just finished the old coloring book and had cried when he thought he couldn't help his daddy anymore.

Billy is turned to face his son, back turned to the other half of the aisle. His son is focused on the coloring books, concentrating very hard as he tries to make a decision because he knows he can only get one today, especially if he wants the stuffed dinosaur he saw a few aisles over.

He tries not to flinch when he feels a hand on the small of his back. He knows it's not Steve, would have noticed him the second he was within twenty feet of him, that is if their son didn't notice first and start cheering for his papa.

He knew the scent was familiar, but it couldn't be someone he still talked to, because he couldn't assign the smell to any particular person. Panic hit him like a freight train when he saw Tommy standing there.

"Don't fucking touch me," he snaps, stepping away from him and instinctually blocking the view of his son. Tommy looks as though he's been slapped; Billy doesn't know why he feels guilty.

"What the fuck man ??"

"I just don't like being touched, forget about it," he lies. Ever since the incident, Billy can't seem to consider fighting when it comes to Tommy. He'll punch anyone for giving his kid a dirty look, break someone's nose for getting too close, but when Tommy's close by every muscle in his body says run.

Still, he plants his feet and refuses to be chased away, hoping that the small talk won't last long and he can go back to shopping and playing with his son.



“No worries dude. So, what you been up to ??”

Billy doesn't want to answer, doesn't want Tommy to know a goddamn thing about him. His son, thankfully, saves him from having to answer by doing what every three year old does, he interrupts.

“Daddy !! Daddy !! Do you like this one ?? I like this one, th'princess on the front has curly hair like you !” he cheers with a bright smile, not yet acknowledging the man his father's been talking to; he hasn't even noticed him yet, but his nose wrinkles when he realizes something's different, something's wrong with his daddy's scent.

“If you love it then I love it. She's real pretty, huh?” he smiles, crouching down. He ruffles his son's hair and kisses his forehead, taking a deep breath and hoping that he can find the strength to survive and eventually escape this dreadful conversation.

He stands upright to address Tommy again, but stays by his son's side, making sure he's close enough to reach.

He feels his phone vibrate in his pocket, probably some stupid twitter notification, and an idea washes over him. Steve had stayed in the car with their youngest because he fell asleep. All Billy could think was thank god because he's so close, he could be inside in a matter of minutes.

“You mind if I make a call real quick ??” Billy asks, but doesn't really care what his answers is. He thinks he sees Tommy shrug, tells him it's no problem, but he's not quite sure because he's already dialing.

“Hey,” Steve sounds confused, rightfully so, but at least he answered.

“Hey baby, can you come inside ?? I found some clothes and I need to make sure that they'll fit him,” normally Steve would tell Billy to just fucking buy them and return them if they don't, but there's something in his tone that tells him he should do what Billy wants. His curiosity doesn't last long as Billy casually mentions just what's bothering him.

“Oh, Tommy's back in town by the way, we're just chatting, thought

you might want to see him,” he coughs nervously, tries to play it off as a sore throat.

If the growl that Steve let out was just the slightest bit more aggressive, Tommy might have heard it, even though Billy’s phone volume is only turned up halfway. Billy takes that as his answer, says thanks, hangs up, and waits, counting down the minutes until Steve gets there. He knows exactly how long it takes Steve to get their youngest out of his car seat, exactly how irritable he’ll be, and just how long it’ll take Steve to get inside with a fussy toddler.

Tommy doesn’t seem to notice the change in Billy’s scent, probably because he’s been uncomfortable since Tommy first touched him, so it would make sense that Tommy’s clueless to catch on, thinks the three of them are just going to have a nice, friendly conversation when Steve makes his way inside.

Problem is, his son did notice, and because his daddy’s upset, he is too. He clutches his coloring book to his chest and hides behind Billy, pulling at his jeans to get his attention. “Daddy,” he whines, hoping the strange man will leave soon.

Billy reaches a hand out for him to squeeze tightly, hoping to provide some comfort.

Steve walks in, clearly forcing himself to remain calm for the already annoyed little boy that’s drooling on his shoulder. He kisses Billy quickly and passes him their sleepy son without a second thought. He finally lets his rage consume him as he steps towards Tommy. He doesn’t offer a greeting, finds himself delighted as Tommy’s smile fades and is replaced by a look of confusion and fear.

He gets so close, too close. Tommy can feel Steve’s breath on his face. He whispers, as to not scare his family, “I’m feeling generous, so I’ll give you thirty seconds to leave before I kill you myself.”

He offers no room for argument.

Tommy swallows hard, thinks about pushing Steve, about kicking his ass like he did when they were in high school, but Steve looks stronger now, has more fight in him than he did when he was just a

pissed off teenage boy.

It doesn't help that when the older of the two children whines for his papa and whispers for him to make the bad man go away, Steve's eyes flare a violent red and Tommy realizes it's a fight he can't win.

He looks to Billy for help, hoping for him to call off his goddamn attack dog, but there's no regret in his expression, just impatience and discomfort. Tommy looks at Billy like he's the one that betrayed Tommy and not the other way around, as if Billy doesn't still feel his fingers digging into his windpipe every time he thinks of him. Billy's done no wrong, and as his child nervously rests his head on his leg while his other son nuzzles his neck with his nose and their alpha stands in front of them ready to kill just so Billy doesn't ever have to worry about him again, he finally accepts that Tommy is the only one that's ever been at fault.

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Steve doesn't let Billy out of his sight for the rest of the day, or the weekend. He's unable to keep his hands off of him, always holding his hand, or pulling him close by his hips, or having him sit in his lap. Steve is always there to make sure that Billy is safe and he even growls at a few people that get too close.

Billy would scold him for how ridiculous he's being if he didn't know that they both need this. Steve needs to hold onto Billy, every instinct screaming protect, and Billy needs to be held and reminded that he's safe, Steve always makes sure he and the boys are safe.

The boys don't mind when their fathers get like this, because when they're all tangled up cuddling each other, it's easier to climb all over them like their own personal jungle gym.